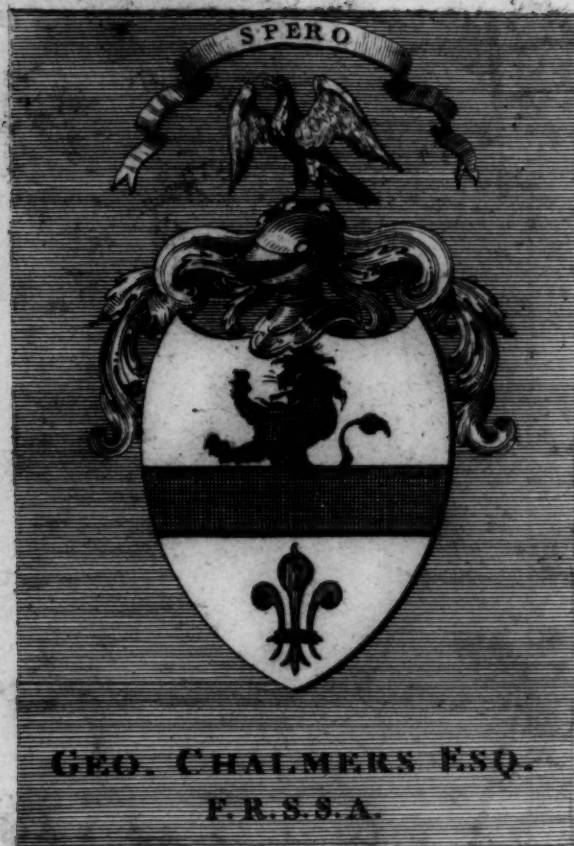


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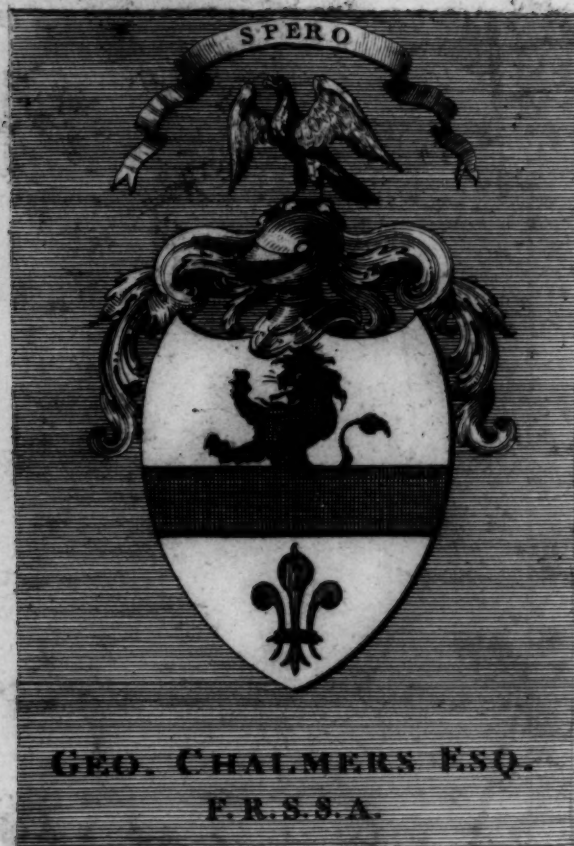
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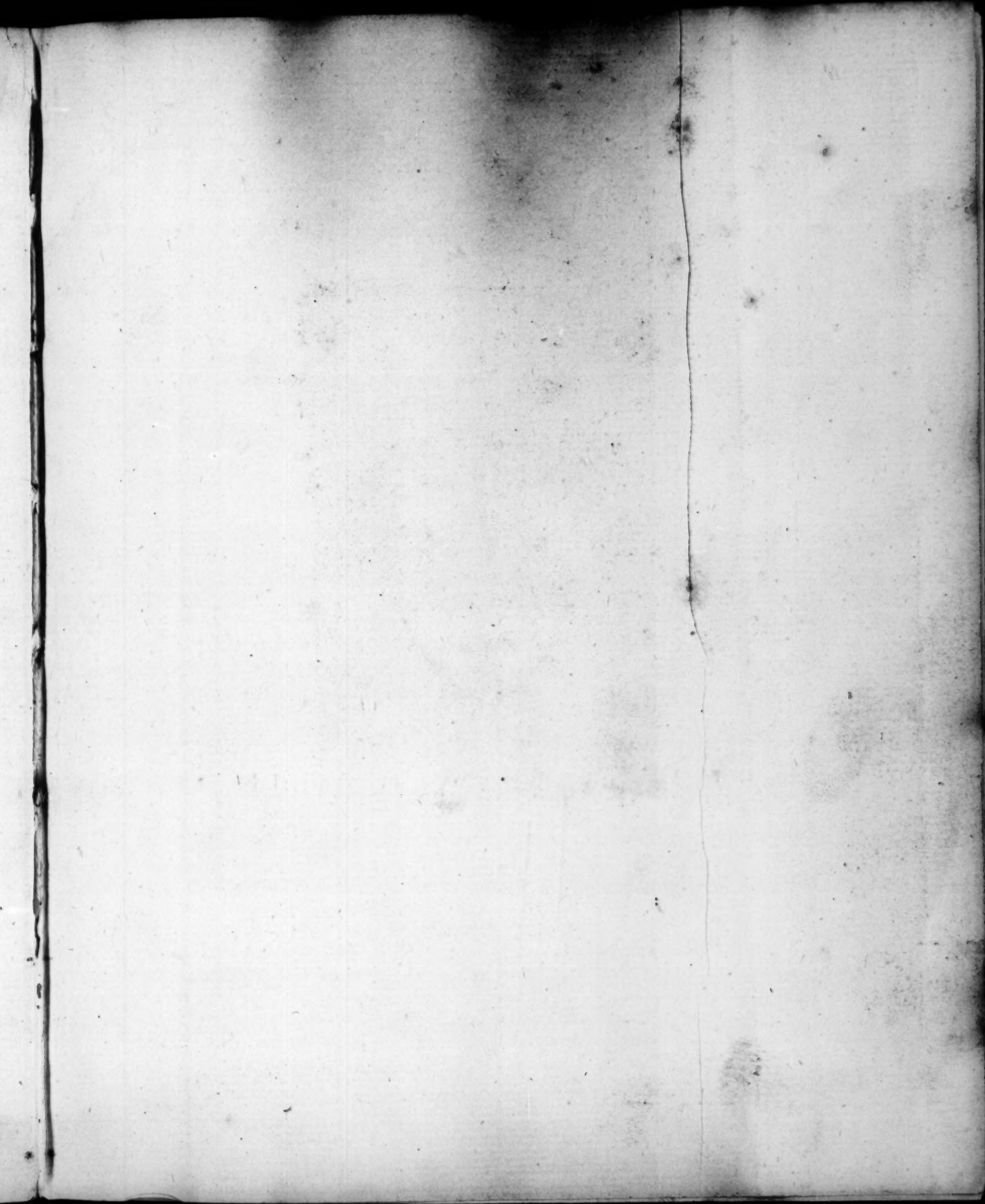


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P. Thomas.

This piece was first under the title
of "Pondosa, The Triumph of
Time &c. 1588." 4^{to} R. L. H.

It was printed at London in 1588, 4^{to} with
exactly the same title, verbatim, as in the
following title page.

The Pleasant and Delightful

HISTORY

OF

Dozastus and Fawnia.

Pleasant for Age to shun drowsie Thoughts; Profitable
for Youth, to avoid other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to
Both a desired Content.

[The Plot of a Winter's Tale of Shakespeare.]

By ROBERT GREEN, Master of Arts in Cambridge.

[The First Part 1692. See Vol. 1/12.]



London, Printed by W. O. for G. Conyers, at the Ring in Little Britain, 1703.

[Price 6 d.]



Dorastus in Love-passion writes these Lines
 in praise of his loving and best beloved Fawnia.

AH! were she Pitiful as she is Fair,
 or but as mild as she is seeming so,
 Then were my Hopes greater than my Despair;
 Then all the World were Heaven, nothing Woe.
 Ah! were her Heart relenting as her Hand,
 that seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
 Then knew I where to seat me in a Land
 under the wide Heavens, but yet not such:
 So as she shews, so seems the budding Rose,
 yet sweeter far than is an earthly Flower;
 Sovereign of Beauty! like the Spray she grows,
 compass'd she is with Thorns and canker'd Flower.
 Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
 She would be gather'd, tho' she grew on Thorn.

Ah! when she sings, all Musick else be still,
 for none must be compared to her Note;
 Ne'er breath'd such Glee from Philomela's Bill,
 nor from the Morning-singer's swelling Throat:
 Ah! when she riseth from her blissful Bed,
 she comforts all the World, as doth the Sun;
 And at her sight the Night's foul Vapour's fled:
 when she is set, the gladsome Day is done:
 O glorious Sun! imagine me the West,
 Shine in my Arms, and set thou in my Breast.

DORASTUS and FAWNIA.

Amongst all the Passions wherewith humane Minds are perplex'd, there is none that so galleth with restless despite as that infectious Sore of Jealousie; for all other Grievs are either to be appeas'd with sensible Perswasions, to be cured with wholesome Counsel, to be reliev'd in want, or by tract of time to be wornout, Jealousie only excepted, which is sauced with suspicious Doubts and pinching Mistrust, that who-so seeks by friendly Counsel to raze out this Passion, it forthwith suspecteth, that he giveth this Advice to cover his own guiltiness; yea, who-so is pinch'd with this restless Torment, doubteth all, disturbeth himself, is always frozen with Fear, and fired with Suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his Joy, to be the breeder of his Misery: Yea, it is such an heavy Enemy to the happy Estate of Matrimony, sowing between the married Couples such deadly Seeds of secret Hatred, as Love being once razed out by (pightful Distrust, there often issueth bloody Revenge, as this ensuing History manifestly proveth; wherein *Pandosto* (furiously incens'd by a causeless Jealousie) procur'd the Death of his most loving and loyal Wife, and his own endless Sorrow.

In the Country of *Bohemia* there reign'd a King call'd *Pandosto*, whose Fortune, Success in Wars, and bountiful Courtesie towards his Friends in Peace, made him be greatly fear'd and lov'd of all Men. This *Pandosto* had to Wife a Lady call'd *Bellaria*, by Birth royal, learned by Education, fair by Nature, by Virtue famous; so that it was hard to judge whether her Beauty, Fortune, or Virtue won the greatest Commendation. These two link'd together in perfect Love, led their Lives with such fortunate Content, that their Subjects greatly rejoiced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but Fortune (willing to encrease their Happiness) sent them a Son, so adorn'd with the Gifts of Nature, as the Perfection of the Child greatly augmented the Love of the Parents, and the Joy of their Commons, insomuch that the *Bohemians*, to shew their inward Joys by outward Actions, made Bonfires and Triumphs throughout all the Kingdom, appointed Jests and Tournies for the honour of their young Prince; whither resorted not only his Nobles, but also divers Kings and Princes which were his Neighbours, willing to shew their Friendship they owed to *Pandosto*, and to win Fame and Glory by their Prowess and Valour. *Pandosto*, whose Mind was fraught with Princely Liberality, entertain'd the Kings, Princes,

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

and Noblemen, with such submissive Courtesie and magnificent Bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratifie their good wills, making a general Feast for all his Subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days, all which time the Jufts and Tournies were kept, to the great content both of the Lords and Ladies there present. The solemn Triumph being once ended, the Assembly taking their leave of *Pandosto* and *Bellaria*, the young Son (who was call'd *Garinter*) was nursed up in his House, to the great joy and content of his Parents.

Fortune envious of such happy success, willing to shew some sign of her Inconstancy, turn'd her Wheel, and darkned the bright Sun of Prosperity, with the misty clouds of Mishap and Misery; for it so hapned, that *Egistus* King of *Sicilia*, who in his youth had been brought up with *Pandosto*, desirous to shew that neither tract of time, or distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a Navy of Ships, and sail'd into *Bohemia*, to visit his old Friend and Companion, who hearing of his arrival, went himself in person, and his Wife *Bellaria*, accompanied with a great train of Lords and Ladies, to meet *Egistus*; and espying him, alighted from his Horse, embracing him very lovingly, protesting, that nothing in the World could have hapned more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his Wife to welcome his old Friend and Acquaintance, who (to shew how she liked him whom her Husband lov'd) entertain'd him with such familiar Courtesie, as *Egistus* perceiv'd himself to be very welcome. After they had thus saluted and embrac'd each other, they mounted again on Horseback and rode toward the City, devising and accounting how being Children, they had passed their Youth in friendly Pastimes, where, by the means of the Citizens, *Egistus* was receiv'd with Triumphs and Shows, in such sort, that he marvel'd how, in so small a warning, they could make such preparation. Passing the Streets thus with such rare fights, they rode on to the Palace, where *Pandosto* entertain'd *Egistus* and his *Sicilians* with such Banqueting and sumptuous Cheer, so royally, as they had all cause to commend his Princely Liberality; yea, the very basest Slave that was known to come from *Sicilia* was us'd with much courtesie, that *Egistus* might easily perceive how both he and his were honour'd for his Friend's sake.

Bellaria (who in her time was the Flower of Courtesie) willing to shew how unfeignedly she lov'd her Husband, by his Friend's Entertainment, us'd him likewise so familiarly, that her Countenance bewray'd how her Heart was affected toward him (oftentimes coming her self into his Bedchamber, to see that nothing should be amiss to dislike him.) This honest familiarity encreas'd daily more and more betwixt them; for, *Bellaria* no-
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The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

ting in *Egistus* a Princely and bountiful Mind, adorn'd with sundry excellent Qualities; and *Egistus* finding in her a virtuous and courteous Disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their Affections, that the one could not be without the company of the other; insomuch, that when *Pandosto* was busied with such urgent affairs, that he could not be present with his Friend *Egistus*, *Bellaria* would walk with him into the Garden, and there they two in private, with pleasant Devices, would pass away their time to both their contents. This Custom still continuing betwixt them, a certain melancholy Passion entering the mind of *Pandosto*, drove him into sundry and doubtful thoughts.

First, he call'd to mind the beauty of his Wife *Bellaria*, the comeliness and bravery of his Friend *Egistus*, thinking that Love was above all Laws, and therefore to be staid with no Law; that it was hard to put Fire and Flax together without burning, that their open pleasure might breed his secret displeasure. He consider'd with himself, that *Egistus* was a Man, and must needs love; that his Wife was a Woman, and therefore subject to love; and that where Fancy forc'd, Friendship was of no force. These and such-like doubtful Thoughts a long time smothering in his Stomach, began at last to breed in his mind a secret mistrust, which encreasing his Suspicion, grew at last to a flaming Jealousie, that so tormented him, as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy; so that he began to watch them more narrowly, to see if he could get any true or certain Proof to confirm his doubtful Suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures, and suspected their thoughts and meaning, they two, silly Souls, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each other's company, which drove him into such a frantick passion, that he began to bear a secret Hate to *Egistus*, and a lowring Countenance to *Bellaria*, who marvelling at such unaccustom'd Frowns, began to cast beyond the Moon, and to enter into a thousand thoughts which way she should offend her Husband; but finding in her self a clear Conscience, ceased to muse till such time as she might find opportunity to demand the cause of his Dumps. In the mean time *Pandosto's* mind was so surcharg'd with Jealousie, that he no longer doubted, but was assur'd, as he thought, that his Friend *Egistus* entred a wrong Point in Tables, and so had play'd him false Play. Whereupon desiring to revenge so great an Injury, he thought best to dissemble the Grudge with a fair and friendly countenance, and so, under the shape of a friend, to shew him the trick of a foe, devising with himself a long time how he might put away
Egistus,

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Egistus, without suspicion of treacherous Murder, concluded at last to poyson him. Which Opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination; and the better to bring the matter to pass, he called to him his Cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand Crowns of yearly Revenue. His Cupbearer, either being of a good Conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody Request, began with great reason to perswade *Pandosto* from this determinate mischief, shewing him what an Offence Murder was to the Gods, how much unnatural actions did more displease the Heavens than Men, and that careless Cruelty did seldom or never escape without Revenge: He laid before his face, that *Egistus* was his Friend, a King, and one that was come unto his Kingdom to confirm a League of perpetual Amity betwixt them; that he had and did shew him a most friendly Countenance; how *Egistus* was not only honour'd of his own People by Obedience, but also lov'd of the *Bohemians* for his Courtesie; and that if he should now without any just or manifest cause, poyson him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his Majesty, and a means to sow a perpetual enmity between the *Sicilians* and the *Bohemians*, but also his own Subjects would repine at such treacherous Cruelty. These and such-like Perswasions of *Franion*, (for so was his Cupbearer call'd) could no whit prevail to dissuade him from his devilish Enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination, his fury being fired with rage, as it could not be appeas'd with reason, he began with bitter Taunts to take up his Man, and to lay before him two baits, Preferment and Death, saying, that if he would poyson *Egistus*, he would advance him to high Dignities, but if he refus'd to do it of an obstinate mind, no torture should be too great to requite his Disobedience. *Franion* seeing that to perswade *Pandosto* any more, was but to strive against the Stream, consented, as soon as opportunity would give him leave, to dispatch *Egistus*; wherewith *Pandosto* remain'd somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully reveng'd of such mistrusted Injuries, intending also as soon as *Egistus* was dead, to give his Wife a Sop of the same Sauce, and so to be rid of those which were the cause of his restless Sorrow. While thus he liv'd in this hope, *Franion* (being secret in his Chamber) began to meditate with himself in these terms:

Alas *Franion*! Treason is lov'd of many, but the Traytor is hated of all: unjust Offences may for a time escape without Danger, but never without Revenge. Thou art Servant to a King, and must obey at command, yet against all Law and Conscience; it is not good to resist a Tyrant with Arms, nor to please an unjust King with Obedience. What shalt thou

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia

thou do? Folly refuseth Gold, and Frenzy Preferment. Wisdom seeketh after Dignity, and Counsel looketh for Gain: *Egistus* is a Stranger to thee, and *Pandosto* thy Sovereign: thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other; think this, *Franion*, that a pound of Gold is worth a tun of Lead. Great Gifts are little Gods, and Preferment to a mean Man is a Whetstone to Courage. There is nothing sweeter than Promotion, nor lighter than Report: care not then though most call thee a Traytor, so all call thee Rich. Dignity, *Franion*, advanceth thy Posterity; and evil Report can but hurt thy self. Know this, where Eagles build, Falcons may prey; where Lions haunt, Foxes may steal. Kings are known to command, Servants are blameless to consent: fear not thou then to list at *Egistus*. *Pandosto* shall bear the burthen; yea, but *Franion*, Conscience is a Worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth; that which is rubbed with the Stone *Galactites*, will never be hot; Flesh dipped in the Sea *Agarum*, will never be sweet; The Herb *Trigon*, being once bit with an Aspis, never groweth; Conscience once stained with innocent Blood, is always tyed to guilty Remorse. Prefer thy Content before Riches, and a clear Mind before Dignity: so being poor, thou shalt have rich Peace; or else rich, thou shalt enjoy Disquiet.

Franion having muttered out these, or such like words, seeing either he must dye with a clear mind, or live with a spotted Conscience, was so cumbered with divers Cogitations, that he could take no rest, until at the last he determined to break the matter to *Egistus*: but fearing that the King should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the Device till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingring thus in a doubtful fear, one evening he went to *Egistus's* lodging, and desired to speak with him of certain Affairs that touched the King; after all were commanded out of the Chamber, *Franion* made manifest the whole Conspiracy which *Pandosto* had devised against him; desiring *Egistus* not to account him a Traytor for bewraying his Master's Council, but to think that he did it for Conscience; hoping that although his Master, inflamed with rage, or being incensed by some sinister Reports, or slanderous Speeches, had imagined such causeless Mischiefe, yet when time should pacifie his Anger, and try thoe tale-bearers to be but flattering Parasites, then he would count him as a faithful Servant, that with sure care had kept his Masters Credit. *Egistus* had not fully heard *Franion* tell forth his tale, but quaking Fear possessed all his Limbs, thinking that there was some Treason wrought, and that *Franion* did but shadow his craft with these false Colours; wherefore he began to wax in choler, and said, That he doubted not *Pandosto*, sith he was his Friend, and there had never been as yet

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

any breach of Amity, he had not sought to invade his Lands, to conspire with his Enemies, to dissuade his Subjects from their Allegiance, but in word and thought, he rested his at all times; he knew not therefore any Cause that would make *Pandosto* to seek his Death, but suspected it to be a compacted Knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him to Odds. *Franion*, staying him in the midst of his talk, told him, that to dally with Princes, was with the Swans to sing against their Death; and that if the Bohemians had intended any such Mischief, it might have been better brought to pass, than by revealing the Conspiracy; therefore his Majesty did ill to misconstrue of his good Meaning, such his Intent was to hinder Treason, and not to become a Traytor: and to confirm his promise, if it pleased his Majesty to fly into *Sicilia*, for the safeguard of his Life, he would go with him: and if then he found not such a Practice to be pretended, let his imagined treachery be repayed with most monstrous Torments. *Egistus* hearing the solemn Protestations of *Franion*, began to consider, That in Love and Kingdoms neither Faith nor Law is to be respected: doubting that *Pandosto* thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy Wars to invade *Sicilia*. These and such like Doubts thoroughly weighed, he gave great thanks to *Franion*, promising, if he might with life return to *Siracuse*, that he would create him a Duke in *Sicilia*, craving his Counsel how he might escape out of the Country. *Franion*, who having some small Skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew the danger of the Sea; joyn-ing in counsel with the Master of *Egistus's* Navy, rigging all their Ships, and setting them afloat, let them lie at Anchor, to be in the more readiness, when Time and Wind should serve. Fortune, although blind, yet by chance favouring his just Cause, sent them within six Days a good gale of Wind; which *Franion* seeing fit for their purpose, to put *Pandosto* out of suspicion, the night before he should sail, he went to him, and promised, That the next day he should put the Device in Practice; for he had got such a forcible Poyson, as the very smell thereof would procure sudden Death. *Pandosto* was joyful to hear this good News and thought every hour a day, till he might be glutted with this bloody Revenge: but his Suit had but ill success: for *Egistus* fearing that delaying might breed Danger, and willing that the Grass should not be cut from under his Feet, taking Bag and Baggage, by the help of *Franion*, conveyed himself and his Men out of the Postern-gate of the City, so secretly and speedily, that without any Suspicion they got to the Sea-shore; where, with many a bitter Curse, taking their leave of *Bohemia*, they went aboard; weighing their Anchors, and hoisting Sail, they passed as far as Wind and Sea would permit to-wards

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

wards *Sicilia*; *Egistus*, being a joyful Man, that he had safely passed such treacherous Perils. But as they were quietly floating on the Sea, *Pandosto* and his Citizens were in an Uproar: for seeing that the Sicilians, without taking their leave, were fled away by night; the Bohemians feared some Treason, and the King thought that without question his Suspicion was true, seeing the Cupbearer had bewrayed the Sum of his secret Pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine, that *Franion*, and his Wife *Bellaria*, had conspired with *Egistus*, and that the fervent Affection she bare him, was the only means of his secret departure; insomuch, that incensed with Rage, he commanded that his Wife should be carryed straight to Prison, until they heard further of his Pleasure. The Guard, unwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous Princess, and yet fearing the King's Fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfil their Charge: Coming to the Queen's Lodging, they found her playing with her young Son *Garinier*; unto whom, with Tears, doing their Message: *Bellaria* astonished at such a hard Censure, and finding her clear Conscience a sure Advocate to plead in her Cause, went to Prison most willingly; where, with Sighs and Tears she passed away the time, till she might come to her Tryal.

But *Pandosto*, whose Reason was suppressed with Rage, and whose unbridled Folly was incensed with Fury, seeing *Franion* had bewrayed his Secrets, and that *Egistus* might well be railed on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all his Wrath on poor *Bellaria*. He therefore caused a general Proclamation to be made throughout all his Realm, that the Queen and *Egistus* had, by the help of *Franion*, not only committed most incestuous Adultery, but also had conspired the King's Death; whereupon the Traytor *Franion* was fled away with *Egistus*, and *Bellaria* was most justly imprisoned. This Proclamation being once blazed thro' the Country, although the vertuous Disposition of the Queen did half discredit the Contents, yet the so sudden and speedy a Voyage of *Egistus*, and the secret Departure of *Franion*, induced them (the Circumstances thoroughly considered) to think, that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied; yet they pitied her case, and were sorrowful that so good a Lady should be crossed with such adverse Fortune. But the King, whose restless Rage would admit no Pity, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his Wife's Faithhood with the bitter Plague of pinching penury, yet his Mind would never be glutted with Revenge, till he might have a fit opportunity to repay the Treachery of *Egistus* with a fatal Injury. But a curst Cow hath oftentimes short Horns, and a willing Mind but a weak Arm: For *Pandosto*, although he felt that Revenge was a Spur to War, and that Envy always preferreth Steel, yet he saw that *Egistus*

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

was not only of great Puissance and Prowess to withstand him, but also had many Kings of his Alliance to aid him, if need should require, for he married the then Emperor's Daughter of *Russia*. These, and the like Considerations, sometimes daunted *Pandosto's* Courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest Injury with Peace, then hunt after Revenge, Dishonour, and Loss; determining, since *Egistus* had escaped Scot-free, that *Bellarina* should pay for all, at an unreasonable price.

Remaining thus resolute in his Determination, *Bellarina* continuing still in Prison, and hearing the Contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her Mind was never touched with such Affection, nor that *Egistus* had never offered her such Discourtesie, would gladly have come to her answer, that she might have known both her unjust Accuser, and cleared herself of that guiltless Crime. But *Pandosto* was so inflamed with Rage, and infected with Jealousie, as he would not vouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just Excuse; so that she was fain to make a Vertue of her Need, and with patience to bear these heavy Injuries. As thus she lay crossed with Calamities (a great Cause to increase her Grief) she found herself quick with Child, which as soon as she felt stir in her Body she burst forth into bitter Tears, exclaiming against Fortune in these Terms.

Alas, *Bellarina*! How Unfortunate art thou, because Fortunate! Better thou hadst been born a Begger, then a Princess, so wouldst thou have bridled Fortune, with Want, where now she sporteth herself with thy plenty. Ah, happy Life! where poor Thoughts and mean Desires live in secure Content, not fearing Fortune, because too low for Fortune. Thou seest now, *Bellarina*, that Care is a Companion to Honour, not to Poverty: that high Cedars are crushed with Tempests, when low Shrubs are not touched with the Winds: Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when despised Pebbles lye safe in the Sand. *Delphos* is sought to by princes, not Beggars: and Fortune's Altar smoaks with Kings Presents, not with poor Mens Gifts. Happy are such, *Bellarina*, that curse Fortune for Contempt, not fear; and may wish they were not, sorry they have been: Thou art a Princess *Bellarina*, and yet a Prisoner; born to the one by Descent, assigned to the other by Despite: accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care; for Patience is a Shield against fortune, and a guiltless Mind yieldeth not to Sorrow; but Infamy galleth unto Death, and liveth after Death. Report is plumed with Time's feathers, and Envy oftentimes foundeth Fame's Trumpet: they that suspect Adultery shall flye in the Air, and thy known Vertues shall lye hid in the Earth: one mole staineth a whole Face; and what is once spotted with Infamy, can hardly be worn out with Time. Dye then *Bellarina*,

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The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Bellaria die, for if the Gods should say, *Thou art guiltless*, yet Envy would hear the Gods, but never believe the Gods. Oh, hapless Wretch! because of these terms: desperate Thoughts are fit for them that fear Shame, not for such as hope for Credit; *Pandosto* hath darkned thy Fame, but shall never discredit thy Virtues; Suspicion may enter a false Action, but Proof shall never put in his Plea. Care not then for Envy, sith Report hath Blisters on her Tongue; and let Sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultless. But, alas poor Soul! how canst thou but sorrow! thou art with Child, and by him that instead of kind Pity, pincheth thee in a cold Prison. And with that such gasping sighs stopped her Breath, that she could not utter any more words, but wringing her Hands, and gushing forth Streams of Tears, she passed away the time with bitter Complaints.

The Jaylor pitying those her heavy passions, thinking that if the King knew she were with Child, it would somewhat appease his Fury, and release her from Prison, went in all haste and certified *Pandosto* what the effect of *Bellaria's* Complaint was, who no sooner heard the Jaylor say she was with Child, but, as one possess'd with a Frenzy, rose up in a rage, swearing that she and the Bastard Brat she went withal should die, if the Gods themselves said no, thinking surely by computation of time, that *Egistus*, and not he, was Father to the Child: This suspicious Thought galled afresh his half heal'd Sore, insomuch as he could take no rest until he might mitigate his Choler with a cruel Revenge, which hapned presently after. *Bellaria* was brought to bed of a fair and beautiful Daughter, which no sooner *Pandosto* heard, but he determin'd that both *Bellaria* and the young Infant should be burnt with Fire. His Nobles hearing of the King's cruel Sentence, sought by perswasions to divert him from this bloody determination, laying before his face the Innocency of the Child, and virtuous Disposition of his Wife, how she had continually lov'd and honour'd him so tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not to impeach her of that Crime; and if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy than to punish with extremity, and more kindly to be commended of Pity, than to discredit her. And as for the Child, if he should punish it for the Mother's Offence, it were to strive against Nature and Justice, and that unnatural actions do more offend the Gods than Men; how causeless Cruelty against innocent Blood never escap'd without Revenge. These and such-like Reasons could not appease his Rage, but he rested resolute in this, That *Bellaria* being an Adulteress, the Child was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous Brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Nobles were so importunate upon him) he was content to spare the Child's life, and yet to put it to a worse death; for he found out this Device, that seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune: And therefore he caused a little Cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the Babe, and then send her to the mercies of the Seas, and the Destinies: from this his Peers could in no wise perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Guard to fetch the Child; who being come to the Prison, and with weeping Tears, recounting their Master's message; *Bellarina*, no sooner heard the rigorous, Resolution of her merciless Husband, but she fell down in a swoon, so that all thought she had been dead; yet at last being come to herself, she cryed and screeked out in this wise:

Alas, sweet unfortunate Babe, scarce born before envied by Fortune! would the day of thy birth had been the term of my life; then wouldst thou have made an end of Care, and prevented thy Father's rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful Revenge; thy Days are too short for so sharp a Doom, but thy untimely death must pay thy Mother's doubts, and her guiltless crime must be thy ghastly Curse. And shalt thou, sweet Babe! be committed to Fortune, when thou art already spighted by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy Harbour, and the hard Boat thy Cradle? Shall thy tender Mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter storms? Shalt thou have the whistling Winds for thy Lul-a-by, and the salt Sea-foam instead of sweet Milk? Alas! What Destinies would assign such hard hap! What Father would be so cruel! Or, what Gods will not revenge such Rigour! Let me kiss thy Lips, sweet Infant, and wet thy tender Cheeks with my Tears, and put this Chain about thy little Neck; that if Fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee. Thus, since thou must go to surge on the ghastful Seas, with a sorrowful Kiss I bid thee farewell; and I pray the Gods thou maist fare well. Such, and so great was her grief, that her vital spirits being suppressed with Sorrow, she fell again down into a trance, having her Senses so stopped with care, that after she was revived, yet she lost her Memory, and lay for some time without moving, as one in a Trance: The Guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the Child to the King, who quite void of all pity, commanded that without delay it should be put into the Boat, having neither Sail nor Rudder to guide it; and so to be carried into the midst of the Sea, and there left to the Winds and the Waves, as the Destinies please to appoint. The very Ship-men seeing the sweet countenance of the young Babe, began to accuse the King of rigour, and to pity the Child's hard Fortune: but fear constrained them to that which
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The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

their Nature did abhor ; so that they placed it at one of the ends of the Boat, and with a few green Boughs made a homely Cabin, to shrowd it as well as they could from Wind and Weather: Having thus trimm'd the Boat, they tied it to a Ship, and so haul'd it to the main Sea, and then cut in sunder the Cord, which they had no sooner done but there arose a mighty Tempest; which toss'd the little Boat so vehemently in the Waves, that the Shipmen thought it could not continue long without sinking; for the Storm grew so great, that with great labour and peril they got to the Shore. But leaving the Child to her *Fortunes*, we will return to *Pandosto*, who not yet glutt'd with sufficient Revenge, devis'd which way he might encrease his Wife's Calamity; but first assembling the Nobles and Councillors, he call'd her (for the more reproach) in open Court, where it was objected against her, That she had committed Adultery with *Egistus*, and conspir'd with *Franion* to poyson *Pandosto* her Husband, but their pretence being partly espied, they counsel'd him to fly away by night for their better safety. *Bellaria* (who standing like a Prisoner at the Bar, and feeling in her self a clear Conscience to withstand her false Accusers) seeing no less than Death could pacifie her Husband's Wrath, waxed bold, and desir'd that she might have Law and Justice, (for Mercy she neither crav'd nor hoped) and that these perjur'd Wretches which had falsly accus'd her before the King, might be brought before her face to give in Evidence. *Pandosto* (whose Rage and Jealousie was such as no Reason nor Equity could appease) told her, That for her Accusers, they were of such credit, as their Words were sufficient Witnests; and that the sudden and secret flight of *Egistus* and *Franion* confirm'd that which they had confessed: And as for her, it was her part to deny such a monstrous Crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had pass'd all Shame in committing the Fault; but her Countenance should stand for no Coyn; for as the Bastard she bare was served, so she should with some cruel Death be requited. *Bellaria* no whit dismayed with this rough Reply, told her Husband *Pandosto*, that he speak upon Choler and not Conscience, for her vertuous Life had even been such, as no spot of Suspicion could ever stain it. And if she had ever born a friendly Countenance to *Egistus*, it was in respect he was his Friend, and not for any lustful Affection; therefore if she were condemned without any further Proof, it was Rigour, and not Law. The Noblemen which sate in Judgment said, That *Bellaria* spake Reason, and entreated the King that her Accusers might be openly examined and sworn; if then the Evidence were such as the Jury might find her guilty, (for seeing she was a Princess, she ought to be Try'd by the Peers) then let her have such punishment as the extremity of

of

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

of the Law will assign to such Malefactors. The King presently made answer, That in this case he might and would dispence with the Law; and that the Jury being once pannel'd, they should take his Word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The Noblemen seeing the King in Choler, were all whist; but *Bellarina*, whose Life hung in the Balance, fearing more perpetual Infamy than momentary Death, told the King, if his Fury might stand for a Law, that it were in vain for the Jury to yield their Verdict; and thereupon she down upon her Knees, and desir'd the King, that for the love he bare to his young Son *Garinter*, whom she brought into the World, that he would grant her Request, the which was this, That if it would please His Majesty to send six of his Noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the Isle of *Delphos*, there to enquire of the Oracle of *Apollo*, whether she had committed Adultery with *Egistus*, or conspir'd to poyson him with *Franion*; and if the God *Apollo*, who by his Divine Essence knoweth all Secrets, gave answer that she was guilty, she was content to suffer any Torment, were it never so terrible. The Request was so reasonable, that *Pandosto* for shame could not deny it, unless he would be counted of all his Subjects more wilful than wise. He therefore agreed, that with as good speed as might be there should be certain Ambassadors dispatch'd to the Isle of *Delphos*; and in the mean time he commanded that his Wife should be kept close in Prison. *Bellarina* having attain'd this Grant, was more careful of her little Baby that floated on the Seas, than sorrowful for her own mishap, for of that she doubted, but of her self she was assur'd, knowing that if *Apollo* should give Sentence according to the thoughts of her Heart, yet the Sentence should go on her side, such was the clearness of her Mind in this case. But *Pandosto* (whose suspicious Heart still remain'd in one Song) chose out six of his Nobility, whom he knew were scarce indifferent Men in the Queen's behalf, and providing all things fit for their Journey, sent them to *Delphos*. They, willing to fulfil the King's Command, and desirous to see the Situation and Custom of the Island, dispatch'd their Affairs with as much speed as might be, and embark'd themselves for the Voyage, which (the Wind and the Weather serving fit for their purpose) was soon ended, for within three weeks they arriv'd at *Delphos*, where they were no sooner set on Land, but with great Devotion they went to the Temple of *Apollo*, and there offering Sacrifice unto the God, and Gifts to the Priests, as the Custom was, they humbly craved an Answer of their Demands. They had not long kneel'd at the Altar, but *Apollo* with a loud voice said, *Bohemians, what ye find behind the Altar, take and depart.* They forthwith obeyed the Oracle,

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Oracle, found a Scroll of Parchment, wherein were written these words in Letters of Gold :

The O R A C L E.

*S*uspicion is no Proof, Jealousie is an unequal Judge, Bellaria is Chaste, Egistus blameless, Franion a true Subject, Pandosto treacherous, his Babe innocent, and the King shall die without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.

As soon as they had taken out this Scroll, the Priest of the God commanded them that they should not presume to read it before it came to the presence of *Pandosto*, unless they would incur the displeasure of *Apollo*. The *Bohemian* Lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the Priest, with great reverence departed out of the Temple, and went to their Ships, and as soon as Wind would permit them, sail'd towards *Bohemia*, where in short time they safely arriv'd, and with great triumph issuing out of their Ships, went to the King's Palace, whom they found in his Chamber, accompanied with other Noblemen. *Pandosto* no sooner saw them, but with a merry countenance he welcomed them home, asking them what News? They told his Majesty, they had received an Answer of the God, written in a Scroll, but with this Charge, that they should not read the Contents before they came in the presence of the King; and with that they deliver'd him the Parchment; but his Noblemen entreated him, that sith therein was contain'd either the safety of his Wife's Life and Honesty, or her perpetual Death and Infamy, that he would have his Nobles and Commons assembled in the Judgment-hall, where the Queen (brought in as a Prisoner) should hear the Contents: if she were found guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all should have cause to think his Rigour proceeded of due desert; if her Grace were found faultless, then she should be clear'd before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the King, so that he appointed the day, and assembled all the Lords and Commons, and caused the Queen to be brought in before the Judgment-Seat, commanding that the Indictment should be read, wherein she was accused of Adultery with *Egistus*, and of the Conspiracy with *Franion*: *Bellaria* hearing the Contents, was no whit astonish'd, but made this cheerful Answer:

If the Divine Powers are privy to Humane Actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my Patience will make *Fortune* blush, and my unspotted Life shall stain spightful *Discredit*; for although lying *Report* hath sought to impeach mine Honour, and Suspicion hath intended to spoil my Credit with

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

with Infamy ; yet where *Virtue* keepeth the Fort, *Report* and *Suspicion* may assail, but never sack. How I have led my life before *Egistus's* coming, I appeal (*Pandosto*) to the Gods and to thy Conscience. What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I : ope will presently reveal. That I lov'd *Egistus*, I cannot deny ; that I honour'd him, I shame not to confess. The one I was forced to by his *Virtue*, to the other for his *Dignities*. But as touching lascivious Lust, I say, *Egistus* is honest, and hope my self to be found without spot : for *Franion*, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him ; I was not privy to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer my self to the Divine Oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner said, but the King commanded that one of the *Dukes* should read the Contents of the Scroll, which after his command having heard, they gave a great shout, rejoycing and clapping their hands that the Queen was clear of that false Accusation. But the King, whose Conscience was a Witness against him of his witless fury and false suspected jealousie, was so ashamed of his rash folly, that he entreated his Nobles to perswade *Bellaria* to forgive and forget those Injuries, promising not only to shew himself a loyal and loving Husband, but also to reconcile himself to *Egistus* and *Franion*, revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his Death, if the good mind of his Cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him, that his young Son *Gavinster* was suddenly dead, which News as soon as *Bellaria* heard, surcharged before with extream Joy, and now suppressed with heavy Sorrow, her vital Spirits were stopped that she fell down presently dead, and never could be revived. This sudden sight so appaled the King's Senses, that he sunk from his Seat in a Swoon, so as that he was fain to be carried by his Nobles to his Palace, where he lay for the space of three days without speech. His Commons were as men in despair, so diversly distressed, that there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all *Bohemia*, their young Prince being dead, their virtuous Queen bereav'd of her Life, and their King and Sovereign in great hazard. This Tragical Discourse of Fortune so daunted them, as they went like Shadows, not Men ; yet somewhat to comfort their heavy Hearts, they heard *Pandosto* was come to himself, and had recovered his speech, who, as in fury, bray'd forth these bitter Speeches :

O miserable *Pandosto* ! What surer Witness than Conscience ? What Thoughts more sowe than Suspicion ? What Plague worse than Jealousie ?

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Jealousie? Unnatural Actions offend the Gods more than Man, and causeless Cruelty never escapes without Revenge. I have committed such a bloody Fact as repent I may, but recal I cannot. Ah Jealousie? a Hell to the Mind, and a Horror to the Conscience, suppressing Reason, and melting Rage: a worse Passion then Frenzy, a greater Plague than Madness. Are the Gods just? then let them revenge such brutish Cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drown'd in the Seas, my loving Wife I have slain with slanderous Suspition, my trusty Friend I have sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slack to plague such Offence. Ah, just *Apollo*! *Pandofto* is the Man that hath committed the Fault; why should *Garinter* (lilly Child) abide the Pain? Well! sith the Gods mean to prolong my Days, to increase my Dolour, I will offer my guilty Blood a Sacrifice to those guiltless Souls, whose Lives are lost by rigorous Folly: and with that, he reached at a Rapier to have murdered himself; but his Peers being present, stayed him from such a bloody Act; perswading him to think that the Common wealth consisteth on his Safety, and that those Sheep could not but perish that wanted a Shepherd: wishing, that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have a care of his Subjects; and to put such Fancies out of his Mind, sith in Sores past help, Salves do not heal, but hurt; and in things past Cure, Care is a Corrosive. With these and such like Persawsons, the King was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his Mind; so that as soon as he could go abroad, he caused his Wife to be imbalmed, and wrapt in Lead with her young Son *Garinter*; Erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre wherein he entombed them both: making such solemn Obsequies at her Funeral, as all *Bohemia* might well perceive he did greatly repent him of his past Folly; causing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tomb in Letters of Gold:

The Epitaph.

Heres lyes Entomb'd Bellaria fair,
Falsly accus'd to be Unchast:
Clear'd by Apollo's Sacred Doom,
Yet slain by Jealousie at last.
Whatev'r thou be that passest by,
Curse Him that caus'd this Queen to dye.

This Epitaph being engraven, *Pandofto* would once a Day repair to the Tomb, and there with watry Plants bewail his Misfortune; coveting no other Company but Sorrow, and no other Harmony but Repentance.

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

But leaving him to his dolorous Passions, at last let us come to shew the Tragical Discourse of the young Infant: Who being tossed with Wind and Waves, floated two Days without succour, ready at every Puff to be drowned in the Sea; till at the last, the Tempest ceased, and the little Boat was driven with the Tide unto the Coast of *Sicilia*, where, sticking upon the Sands, it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton (willing to shew that she has Wrinkles on her Brows, so she hath Dimples in her Cheeks) thought, after so many sour Looks, to send a feigned Smile; and after a puffing Storm, to bring a pretty Calm, she began thus to dally: It fortun'd a poor mercenary Shepherd that dwelled in *Sicilia*, who got his living by other Mens Flocks, missed one of his Sheep, and thinking it had been strayed into the Covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the Wolves or Eagles had undone him (for he was poor, as a Sheep was half his Substance) wandred down towards the Sea-cliffs, to see if perchance the Sheep was browsing on the Sea-ivy, whereupon they do gently feed. But not finding it there, as he was ready to return to his Flock, he heard a Child cry; but knowing there was no House near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of Sheep. Wherefore, looking more narrowly, as he cast his Eyes to the Sea, he espied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively listned) he might hear a Cry to come. Standing a good while in amaze, at last he went to the Shore, and wading to the Boat; as he looked in, he saw a little Babe, lying all alone, ready to die with Hunger and Cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly embroidered with Gold, and having a Chain about her Neck. The Shepherd, who had never before seen so fair a Babe, nor so rich Jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little God, and began with great Devotion to knock on his Breast. The Babe, who writhed with her Head to seek for the Pap, began again to cry afresh; whereby the poor Man knew that it was a Child, which by some sinister means was driven thither by distress of Weather; marvelling that such a silly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chain could not but be born of noble Parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly Mishap. The poor Shepherd perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined with himself to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up according to the Worthiness of the Birth, for his Ability could not afford to Foster it, though his Mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his Arms, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the Cold, there fell down at his Feet a very fair and rich Purse, wherein he found a great Sum of Gold, which sight so revived the Shepherd's Spirits, as he was
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greatly ravished with Joy, and daunted with Fear; joyful to see such a Sum in his Power, fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further Danger: Necessity wilht him at the least to retain the Gold, tho' he would not keep the Child; the simplicity of his Conscience frightened him from such a deceitful Bribery. Thus was the poor Man perplexed with a doubtful Dilemma, until at last the Covetousness of the Coin overcame him; for what will not the greedy Desire of Gold cause a Man to do? So that he was resolved in himself to Foster the Child; and with the Sum to relieve his Want: Resting thus resolved in this Point, he left seeking the Sheep, and, as covertly, and as secretly as he could, went a By-way home to his House, lest any of his Neighbours should perceive his Carriage. As soon as he was come home, entring in at the Door, the Child began to cry, which his Wife hearing, and perceiving her Husband with a young Babe in his Arms, began to be somewhat jealous; yet marvelled her Husband should be so wanton abroad, sith he was so quiet at home: But as Women are naturally given to believe the worst, so his Wife, thinking it was some Bastard, began to crow against the Good-man, and taking up a Cudgel (for the most Master went Breechless) swore solemnly that she would make Clubs Trump, if he brought any Bastard Brat within her Door: The Good-man seeing his Wife in her Majesty, with her Mace in her Hand, thought it was time to bow, for fear of Blows, and desired her to be quiet, for there was no such matter, but if she would hold her peace, they were made for ever; and thereupon he presently told her the whole matter, how he had found the Child in a little Boat, without any succour, wrapped up in that costly Mantle, and having the rich Chain about her Neck; but at last when he shewed her the Purse full of Gold, she began to simper somewhat sweetly, and taking her Husband about his Neck, kissed him after her homely fashion, saying, That she hoped God had seen their Want, and now meant to relieve their Poverty; and seeing they could get no Children, had sent them this little Babe to be their Heir. Take heed in any case (said the Shepherd) that you be secret, and not blab it out when you meet with your Gossips, for if you do, we are like not only to lose the Gold and Jewels, but other Goods, and perhaps our Lives, Tush! (quoth his Wife) Profit is a good Hatch before the Door; fear not, I have divers other things to talk of than this; but I pray you let us lay up the Mony surely, and the Jewels, lest by any mishap it be espied. After that they had set all things in order, the Shepherd went to his Sheep, with a merry Note, and the good Wife learned to sing Lul-a-by at home, with her young Babe wrapped in a homely Blanket instead of a rich and costly Mantle, nourishing it so cleanly and carefully as it began

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

to be a jolly Girl; insomuch that they began to be very fond of it: and as it waxed in Age, so it increased in beauty: The Shepherd every night at his coming home, would sing and dance it upon his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak, and call him Dad, and her Mam. At last, when it grew to riper Years, that it was about seven, the Shepherd left keeping of other Mens Sheep, and with the Mony he found in the Purse, he bought him the Lease of a pretty Farm, and got a small Flock of Sheep: which when *Fawnia* (for so they named the Child) came to the Age of ten, he set her to keep Sheep, and she with such diligence performed her Charge, as the Sheep prospered marvellously under her hand. *Fawnia* thought *Porrus* had been her Father, and *Mopsa* her Mother, (so was the Shepherd and his Wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with such Reverence, as all the Neighbours praised the dutiful Obedience of the Child. *Porrus* grew in a short time a Man of Wealth and Credit; for Fortune so favoured him in having no Charge but *Fawnia*, that he began to purchase Land; intending, after his death, to give it to his Daughter: so that divers rich Farmers Sons came as Wooders to his House. For *Fawnia* was something cleanly attired, being of such singular Beauty and excellent Wit, that whosoever saw her would have thought she had been some heavenly Nymph, and not a mortal Creature; insomuch, that when she came to the Age of fifteen, she so increased with exquisite Perfection both of Body and Mind, as her natural Disposition did bewray that she was born of some high Parentage. But the People thinking she was the Daughter of a Shepherd; *Porrus* rested only amazed at her Beauty and Wit. Yea, she won such Favour and Commendation in every Man's eye, as her Beauty was not only praised in her Country, but also spoken of in the Court. Yet was such her submissive Modesty, that although her Praise daily increased, her Mind was no whit puffed up with Pride, but humbled herself as became a Country Maid, and the Daughter of a poor Shepherd. Every day she went forth with her Sheep to the Field, keeping them with such Care and Diligence as all Men saw she was very painful. She defended her Face from the heat of the Sun with no other Veil, but with a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers; which Attire became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the Goodness *Flora* herself for Beauty. Fortune, who all this while had shewed a friendly Face, began now to turn her Back, and to shew a lowering Countenance; intending as she had given *Fawnia* a slender Check, so she would give her a harder Mate. To bring which to pass, she laid her Train out this wise: *Egistus* had but one only Son called *Dorastus*, about the Age of twenty; a Prince so decked and adorned with the Gifts of Nature, so fraught with Beauty and vertuous Qualities, as
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The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

not only his Father joyed to have so good a Son, but his Commons rejoiced that God had sent them so noble a Prince to succeed in the Kingdom. *Egistus* placing all his Joy in the Perfection of his Son (seeing that he was now marriageable) sent Ambassadors to the King of *Denmark*, to entreat a Marriage between him and his Daughter; who willingly consenting, made answer, That the next Spring, if it pleased *Egistus* with his Son to come into *Denmark*, he doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable Conditions. *Egistus* resting satisfied with this friendly Answer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it to his Son. Finding therefore on a day a fit opportunity, he spake unto him in these fatherly Terms:

Dorastus, thy Youth warneth me to prevent the Worst, and mine Age to provide the Best. Opportunities neglected are signs of Folly. Actions measured by Time are seldom bitten with Repentance. Thou art Young, and I Old; Age hath taught me that which thy Youth cannot conceive. I therefore will advise thee as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a Child: Thou seest my white Hairs are Blossoms for the Grave, and thy fresh Colours, Fruit for Time and Fortune; so that it behoveth me to think how to dye, and for thee to care how to live. My Crown I must leave by Death, and thou enjoy my Kingdom by Succession. Wherein, I hope, thy Vertue and Prowess shall be such, as tho' my Subjects want my Person, yet shall see in thee my Perfection. That nothing may fail either to satisfy thy Mind, or encrease thy Dignities, the only Care I have, is to see thee well Married before I dye, and thou become old.

Dorastus (who from his Infancy delighted rather to dye with *Mars* in the Field, than to dally with *Venus* in the Chamber) fearing to displease his Father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverend Answer:

Sir, There is no greater Bond than Duty, nor no stricter Law than Nature: Disobedience in Youth, is often galled with Despight in Age. The Command of a Father ought to be a Constraint to the Child: So Parents Wills are so much Laws that they pass all Laws: May it please your Grace therefore, to appoint whom I shall love, rather than by Denial I should be impeached of Disobedience; I rest content to love, though it be the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his Son to flye so far beyond the Mark, began to be somewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this Answer:

What, *Dorastus*, canst thou not Love! Cometh this Cynical Passion of proud Desire, or peevish Frowardness? What dost thou think thyself too good for All, or None good enough for thee? I tell thee, *Dorastus*,

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter than Youth, nor swifter decreasing, but not recalled. If thou marry in Age, thy Wife's fresh Colours will breed in thee dead Thoughts and Suspicion; and thy white Hairs her Loathsomeness and Sorrow. For *Venus's* Affections are not fed with Kingdoms or Treasures, but with youthful Conceits and sweet Amours: *Vulcan* was allotted to shake the Tree, but *Mars* allowed to reap the Fruit. Yield (*Dorastus*) to thy Father's Perswasions, which may prevent thy Perils: I have chosen thee a Wife, fair by Nature, Royal by Birth, by Vertues Famous, Learned by Education, and Rich by Possessions: So that it is hard to judge, whether her Bounty or Fortune, her Beauty or Vertue, be of greater Force; I mean (*Dorastus*) *Euphania*, Daughter and Heir to the King of *Denmark*.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his Son should make him answer, and seeing that he stood still as one in a Trance, he took him up thus sharply:

Well (*Dorastus*) take heed, the Tree *Alypta* wasteth not with Fire, but withereth with Dew; that which Love nourisheth not, perisheth with Hate. If thou like *Euphania*, thou breedest my Content, and in loving her, thou shalt have my Love; otherwise, thou shalt always be a Cause of very much Discontent unto me.

And with that he flung from his Son in a rage, leaving him a sorrowful Man, in that he had by Denial displeased his Father, and half angry with himself, that he could not yield to that Passion, whereto both Reason and his Father perswaded him. But see how Fortune is plumed with Time's Feathers, and how she can minister strange Causes to breed strange Effects.

It hapned not long after this, that there was a Meeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in *Sicilia*, whither *Fawnia* was also bidden as the Mistress of the Feast, who having attired herself in her best Garments, went among the rest of her Companions to the merry Meeting; there spending the Day in such homely Pastimes as Shepherds use. As the Evening drew on, and their Sport ceased, each taking their leave of other, *Fawnia* desiring one of her Companions to bear her company, went home by the Flock to see if they were folded. And as they returned, it fortun'd that *Dorastus* (who all that Day had been a Hauking and killing store of Game) encountred by the way these two Maids, fearing that with *Asteon* he had seen *Diana*; for he thought such exquisite Perfection could not be found in any mortal Creature.

As thus he stood in Amaze, one of his Pages told him, that the Maid with the Garland on her Head was *Fawnia*, that fair Shepherdess, whose Beau-

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Beauty was so much talked of in the Court. *Dorastus*, desirous to see if Nature had adorned her Mind with any inward Qualities, as she had decked her Body with outward Shape; began to question with her whose Daughter she was, of what Age, and how she had been trained up? Who answered him with such modest Reverence, and Sharpness of Wit, that *Dorastus* thought her outward Beauty was but a Counterfeit to darken her inward Qualities: Wondring how such Courtly Behaviour could be found in so simple a Cottage; and cursing Fortune, that had shadowed Wit and Beauty with such hard Fortune. As thus he held her a long time in that, Beauty seeing him at a stand, thought not to lose the Vantage, but struck him so deeply with an invenom'd Shaft, as he wholly lost his Liberty, and became a Slave to Love, who before contemned Love; glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdess, who before refused the Offer of a rich Princess. For the Perfection of *Fawnia* had so filled his Fancy, as he felt his Mind greatly changed, and his Affections altered; cursing Love that he had wrought such a Change, and blaming the Baseness of his Mind that would make such a Choice. But thinking these were but passionate Toys that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the Syren that enchanted him, he spurs his Horse, and bid his fair Shepherdess farewell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely Gesture of *Dorastus*) seeing his Face so well-featured, and each Limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his Perfection; commending him so long, till she found herself faulty, and perceiving if she waded but a little further, she might slip over the Shooes. She therefore seeking to quench that Fire which never was put out, went home, and feigned herself not well at ease, got her to Bed, where casting a thousand thoughts in her Head, she could take no rest: for if she awaked, she began to call in mind his Beauty; and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his Perfection. Pestered with these unacquainted Passions, she passed the Night as well as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a Flea in his Ear) could not by any means forget the sweet Favour of *Fawnia*, but being so overcome with her Wit and Beauty, as he could take no rest. He felt Fancy to give the assault, and his wounded Mind ready to yield as vanquished; yet he began with divers Considerations to suppress his Frantick Affection; calling to mind, that *Fawnia* was but a Shepherdess; one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince, much less to be beloved of such a Potentate; thinking what a Discredit it were to himself, and what a Grief it would be to his Father; blaming Fortune, and accusing his own Folly, that he should be so fond as but once to cast a glance at such a Country Girl. And

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

as thus he was raging against himself, Love (fearing if she dallied long, to lose her Champion) slept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh Wound, as it pierced him to the Heart, that he was fain to yield, maugre his Force, and to forsake the Company, and get him to his Chamber, where being solemnly set, he burst into these passionate Terms:

Ah *Dorastus*! art thou alone? No, not alone, while thou art tired with this unaquainted Passions. Yield to Fancy thou canst not, by thy Father's Counsel; but in a Frenzy thou art by just Destinies. Thy Father were content if thou couldst love; and thou therefore discontent because thou dost love. O Divine Law; fear'd of all Men, because honoured of Gods: not to be suppressed by Wisdom, because not to be comprehended by Reason; without Law and therefore above Law. How then, *Dorastus*! Why dost thou blaze that with Praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with Curses? Yet, why should they curse Love, who are in Love. Blush *Dorastus*, at thy Fortune, thy Choice, thy Love: Thy Thoughts cannot be uttered without Shame, nor thy Affections, without Discredit. Ah *Fawnia*! sweet *Fawnia*! thy Beauty *Fawnia*! Shamest thou not *Dorastus*, to name one unfit for thy Birth, thy Dignities, thy Kingdoms? Die *Dorastus*, *Dorastus* die; Better had'st thou perish'd with high Desires, then live in base Thoughts; Yet, but Beauty must be obeyed, because it is Beauty: Yet framed of the Gods to feed the Eye, not to fetter the Heart. Ah, but he that striveth against Love, shooteth with them of *Scyrum* against the Wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh against the Steel. I will therefore obey, because I must obey; *Fawnia*, yea *Fawnia*, shall be my Fortune in spite of Fortune. The Gods above disdain not to love Women beneath: *Phæbus* liked *Jupiter*; *Daphne*, *Jove*; and why not I then *Fawnia*? One something inferiour to these in Birth, but far superiour to them in Beauty; born to be a Shepherdess, but worthy to be a Goddess. Ah *Dorastus*! wilt thou forget thyself, as to suffer Affection to suppress Wisdom, and Love violatethine Honour? How sowre will thy Choice be to thy Father, sorrowful to thy Subjects, and to thy Friends a Grief, most glad some to thy Foes? Subdue then thy Affection, and cease to love her, whom thou couldst not love, unless blinded with too much Love. Tush, talk to the Wind, and seeking to prevent the Causes, I further the Effects; I will yet praise *Fawnia*, honour, yea, and love *Fawnia*, and at this day follow Content, not Counsel. Do *Dorastus*, thou canst repent.

And with that the Page came into the Chamber; whe reupon he ceased from his Complaints, hoping that Time would wear out what Fortune had wrought.

As

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

As thus he was pained, so poor *Fawnia* was diversly perplexed; for the next morning, getting up very early, she went to her Sheep, thinking with hard Labours to pass away her newly-conceived Amours, beginning very busily to drive them into the Field, and then to shift the Folds. At last, wearied with Toyl, she sat her down, where (poor Soul!) she was more tired with fond Affection; for Love began to assault her, in-somuch, that as she sat upon the side of a Hill, she began to accuse her own Folly in these Terms:

Unfortunate *Fawnia*, and therefore unfortunate; because, *Fawnia*, thy Sheperd's Hook sheweth thy poor Estate; thy proud Desires, thy aspiring Mind: the one declareth thy Want, the other thy Pride. No Bastard Hawk must soar so high as the Hobby; no Fowl gaze against the Sun, but the Eagle: Actions wrought against Nature, reap Dispute; Thoughts above Fortune, Disdain. *Fawnia*, thou art a Shepherdess, Daughter to poor *Porrus*; if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand; if thou climb, thou art like to fall. The Herb *Ana-ta* growing higher then six Inches, becometh a Weed. *Nilus* flowing more than twelve Cubits, procureth a Dearth. Daring Affections that pass measure, are cut short by Time or Fortune. Suppress then (*Fawnia*) those Thoughts, which thou mayest shame to express. But ha, *Fawnia*, Love is a Lord, who will command by Power and constrain by Force. *Dorastus*, ha *Dorastus*, is the Man I love: the worse is the Hap, and the less Cause thou hast to hope. Will Eagles catch at Flies? Will Cedars stoop at Brambles? Or mighty Princes look at such homely Truls? No, no; think this, *Dorastus's* Disdain is greater than thy Desire: He is a Prince respecting his Honour; thou a Beggar's Brat forgetting thy Calling: Cease then not only to say, but to think to love *Dorastus*, and dissemble thy Love *Fawnia*; for better it were to die with Grief, than to live with Shame. Yet in despite of Love I will sigh to see if I can sigh out Love.

Fawnia, somewhat appeasing her Grievs with these pithy Perswasions, began after her wonted manner, to walk about her Sheep, and to keep them from straying into the Corn, suppressing her Affections with the due Consideration of her base Estate, and with the Impossibilities of obtaining her Desire; thinking it were Frenzy (not Fancy) to coet that which the very Destinies deny her to obtain.

But *Dorastus* was more impatient in his Passions; for Love so fiercely assailed him, that neither Company nor Musick could mitigate his Martyrdom, but rather far the more increase the Malady. Some would

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

not let him crave Counsel in this Case: nor Fear of his Father's Displeasure reveal it to any secret Friend, but he was fain to make a Secretary of himself, and to participate his Thoughts with his own troubled Mind. Lingring thus a while in doubtful Suspence, at last, stealing secretly from the Court, without either Man or Page, he went to see if he could espy *Fawnia* walking abroad in the Field. But as one having a great deal more skill to retrieve the Patridge with the Spaniels, than to hunt after such a Prey; he sought, but was little the better. Which cross Luck drove him into a great Choler, that he began to accuse both Love and Fortune: But as he was ready to retire. he saw *Fawnia* sitting all alone under the side of a Hill, making a Garland of such homely Flowers as the Field did afford; This sight so revived his Spirits, that he drew nigh with more Judgment to take a View of her singular Perfection, which he found to be such, as in the Country Attire she stained all the Courtly Dames of *Sicilia*. While thus he stood gazing with piercing looks on her surpassing Beauty, *Fawnia* cast her Eye aside, and espied *Dorastus*, which sudden sight made the poor Girl to blush, and to dye her Crystal Cheeks with the Vermilion Red: Which gave her such a Grace, as she seemed far more beautiful: and with that she rose up, saluting the Prince with such modest Courtesies, as he wondred how a Country Maid could afford such comely Behaviour. *Dorastus* repaying her Courtesie with a smiling Countenance, began to parley with her in this manner:

Faid Maid (quoth he) either your Want is great, or a Shepherd's Life is very sweet; that your Delight is in such Country Labours: I cannot conceive what Pleasure you should take, unless you mean to imitate the Nymphs, being yourself so like a Nymph: To put me out of doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a Shepherd's Life, and what Pleasure you have to countervail these drudging Labours?

Fawnia with blushing face made him this Answer: Sir, what richer State than Content? Or what sweeter Life than Quiet? We Shepherds are not born to Honour, nor beholding unto Beauty, the less care have we to fear Fame or Fortune. We count our Attire brave enough, if warm enough; and our Food dainty, if to suffice Nature. Our greatest Enemy is the Wolf, our only Care is safe keeping our Flock: instead of Courtly Ditties, we spend the Days with Country Songs; our amorous Conceits are homely Thoughts, delighting as much to talk of *Pan*, and his Country Pranks, as Lovers to tell of *Venus*, and her wanton Toys. Our Toil is in shifting our Folds.
and

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

and looking to our Flocks Pleasure; our greatest Wealth, not to covet, our Honour, not to climb; our Quiet, not to care: Envy looketh not so low as a Shepherds; Shepherds gaze not so high as Ambition; We are rich in that we are poor with Content; and proud only in this, that we have no Cause to be Proud.

This witty Answer of *Fawnia*, so inflamed *Dorastus's* Fancy, that he commended himself for making so good a Choice: thinking, if her Birth were answerable to her Wit and Beauty, that she were a fit Mate for the most famous Prince in the World. He therefore began to sift her more narrowly on this manner:

Fawnia, I see thou art content with Country Labours, because thou knowest not Courtly Pleasures: I commend thy Wit, and pity thy Want. But wilt thou forsake thy Father's Cottage, to serve a Courtly Mistress.

Sir (quoth she) Beggars ought not to strive against Fortune, nor to gaze against Honour, lest either their Fall be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toil for the Court, not in the Court; my Name unfit for their Nature; better live in mean Degree, than in high Disdain.

Well said *Fawnia*, (quoth *Dorastus*) I guess at thy Thoughts, thou art in Love with some Country Shepherd.

No Sir, (quoth she) Shepherds cannot love, they are so simple; and Maids may not love, they are so young.

Nay therefore (quoth *Dorastus*) Maids must love, because they are young; for *Cupid* is a Child, and *Venus*, tho' old, is painted with fresh Colours.

I grant (saith she) Age may be painted with new Shadows, and Youth may have imperfect Actions; but what Art concealeth in one, Ignorance revealeth in another.

Dorastus seeing *Fawnia* hold him so hard, thought to have given her a fresh Charge; but he was so prevented by certain of his Men, who missing their Master, came posting to seek him, seeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew so nigh that they might hear their talk, he used these Speeches:

Why *Fawnia*, perhaps I love thee, and then thou must needs yield, for thou knowest I can command and constrain.

Tush, Sir, (quoth she) but not to love; for constrained Love is Force, not Love. And know this, Sir, mine Honesty is such, as I had rather die, than be a Concubine even unto a King; and my Birth is so base, as I'm unfit to be a Wife unto a Farmer.

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Why then (quoth he) thou canst not love *Dorastus*?

Yea, said *Fawnia*, when *Dorastus* becomes a Shepherd.

And with that the presence of his Men broke off their Parley, so that he went with them to the Palace, and left *Fawnia* sitting still on the Hill-side; who seeing that the Night grew on, shifted her Folds, and busied herself about other Work, to drive away such fond Fancies as began to trouble her Brain. But all this could not prevail; for the Beauty of *Dorastus* had made such a deep Impression on her Heart, as could not be worn out with a small matter; so that she was fain to blame her own Folly, in this case:

Ah *Fawnia*! Why dost thou gaze against the Sun, or catch at the Wind? Stars are to be looked at with the Eye, not reached at with the Hand: Thoughts are to be measured by Fortunes, not by Desires: Falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, shall all fear to fall, because some hap to fall? No Luck cometh by Lot; and Fortune windeth those Threads which the Destinies spin. Thou art favour'd *Fawnia* of a Prince; and yet thou art so fond to reject desired Favours. Thou hast Denial at thy Tongue's end, and Desire at thy Heart's bottom. A Woman's Fault, to spurn at that with her Foot, which she greedily catcheth at with her Hand: Thou lovest *Dorastus*, *Fawnia*, and yet seemest to lowre: Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: for unless he love, thou canst but die. Die then *Fawnia*, for *Dorastus* doth but jest. The Lyon never preyeth on the Mouse, nor do Falcons stoop at dead Stales. Sit down then in this Sorrow: cease to love, and content thyself, that *Dorastus* will vouchsafe to flatter *Fawnia*, tho' not to fancy *Fawnia*. Hey hoe! ah Fool, it were seemlier for thee to whistle as a Shepherdess, than to sigh as a Lover.

And with that she ceased from these perplexed Passions, folding her Sheep, and hying home to her poor Cotage. But such was the constant Sorrow of *Dorastus*, to think on the Wit and Beauty of *Fawnia*; and to see how fond he was, being a Prince, and how froward she was, being a Beggar, that he began to lose his wonted Appetite, to look pale and wan: instead of Mirth, he fed on Melancholy: for Courtly Dances, he used cold Dumps; insomuch, that not only his own Men, but his Father and all the Court began to marvel at his sudden Change, thinking that some lingring Sickness had brought him to this State: wherefore he caused Physicians to come. But *Dorastus* neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his Urine; but remained still so oppressed with these Passions, as he feared in himself a
further

further Inconvenience. His Honour wished him to cease from such idle Fancies; but Love forced him more to follow. Fancy; yea, and in despite of Honour, Love won the Conquest; so that his hot Desire, caused him to find new Services: For he presently made himself a Shepherd's Coat, that he might go unknown; and with less Suspicion, to prattle with *Fawnia*, and conveyed it very secretly into a thick Grove, hard adjoyning unto the Palace, whither, finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely Apparel, got on those Shepherd's Robes, and taking a great Hook in his hand, (which he had gotten) went very demurely to find out the Mistress of his Affection. But as he was going along, and seeing himself clad in such unbecoming and unseemly Rags, he began to smile at his own Folly, and to reprove his Fondness in these Terms:

Well said, *Dorastus*, thou keepest a good Decorum; base Desires, and homely Attires; thy Thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, and thy Apparel such as only becomes a Shepherd. A strange Change, from a Prince to a Peasant! What, is it thy wretched Fortune, or wilful Folly? Is it thy cursed Destinies, or thy crooked Desires, that appoint thee this Pennance? Ah, *Dorastus*! thou canst but love, and unless thou love, thou art like to perish for Love. Yet fond Fool, chuse Flowers, not Weeds; Diamonds, not Pebbles: Ladies which may honour thee, not Shepherds which may Disgrace thee. *Venus* is painted in Silks, not in Rags: and *Cupid* treadeth on disdain, when he reacheth at Dignity. And yet, *Dorastus*, shame not at thy Shepherd's Weed: the Heavenly Gods have sometimes Earthly Thoughts: *Neptune* became a Ram: *Jupiter* a Bull: *Apollo* a Shepherd: they Gods, and yet in Love! and thou appointed to Love.

Devising this with himself, he drew nigh to the place where his beloved *Fawnia* was keeping her Sheep, who casting her Eye aside, and seeing such a mannerly Shepherd, perfectly limbed, and coming with so great apace, she began half to forget *Dorastus*, and to favour her pretty Shepherd, whom she did imagine she might both love and obtain: But as she was ruminating upon these Thoughts, she perceived then it was the young Prince *Dorastus*: wherefore she rose up, and reverently saluted him: *Dorastus* taking her by the hand, repayed her Courtesie with a sweet Kiss: and praying her to sit down by him, he began thus to lay the Battery:

If thou marvel, *Fawnia*, at my strange Attire, thou wouldst more muse at my unaccustomed Thoughts: the one disgraceth but my outward Shape,

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Snape, the either disturbeth my inward Senses: I love *Fawnia*, and therefore what love liketh, I cannot mislike. *Fawnia*, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt perform no less: I have fulfilled thy Request, and now thou canst not but grant my Desire. Thou wast content to love *Dorastus*, when he ceast to be a Prince, and became a Shepherd; and see, I have made a Change, and therefore ought not to miss of my Choice.

Truth, quoth *Fawnia*, but all that wear Cowls are not Monks; painted Eagles are Pictures, not Eagles; *Zeuxis's* Grapes were like Grapes, yet Shadows; rich Cloathing makes not Princes, nor homely Attire Beggars: Shepherds are not called Shepherds, because they wear Hooks and Bags, but are born poor, and live to keep Sheep; so this Attire hath not made *Dorastus* a Shepherd, but to seem like a Shepherd.

Well *Fawnia*, answered *Dorastus*, were I a Shepherd, I could not but love thee: being a Prince, I am forced to love thee. Take heed, *Fawnia*, be not proud of Beauty's Painting: for it is a Flower that fadeth in the Blossom. Those which disdain in Youth, are despised in Age. Beauty's Shadows are trick'd up with Time's Colours, which being set to dry in the Sun, are stained with the Sun, scarce pleasing to the sight e're they begin to be worth the sight: not so much unlike the Herb *Ephimeron*, which flourisheth in the Morning, and is withered before the Sun-setting. If my Desire were against Love, thou mightest justly deny my Reason: But I love thee *Fawnia*, not to misuse thee, as a Concubine, but to use thee as my Wife; I can promise no more, and mean to perform no less.

Fawnia hearing this solemn Protestation of *Dorastus*, could no longer withstand the Assault, but yielded up the Fort in these friendly Terms:

Ah *Dorastus*! I shame to express, that thou forcest me with thy sugred Speech to confess: My base Birth caused the one, and thy high Dignities the other; Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my Desires reach as high as Princes. I dare not say, *Dorastus*, I love thee, because I am a Sheperdess: but the Gods know I have honoured *Dorastus*, (pardon if I say amiss) yea, and love *Dorastus* with such dutiful Affections which *Fawnia* can perform, or *Dorastus* desire: I yield not, overcome with Prayers, but with Love: resting *Dorastus's* Hand-maid, ready to obey his Will, if no Prejudice at all to his Honour, or my Credit.

Dorastus

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Dorastus hearing this friendly Conclusion of *Fawnia*, embraced her in his Arms, swearing, That neither Distance, Time, nor adverse Fortune, should diminish his Affection, but that in despite of the Distinies he would remain faithful unto Death.

Having thus plighted their Troth each to other, seeing they could not have the full Fruition of their Love in *Sicilia*, for that *Egistus's* Consent would never be granted to so mean a Match; *Dorastus* determined, as soon as the time and opportunity, would give him leave, to provide a great Mass of Mony, and many rich and costly Jewels for the easier carriage, and then to transport themselves and their Treasure into *Italy*, where they should lead a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or else by Succession come to the Kingdom. This Device was greatly pleasing to *Fawnia*; for she feared, if the King his Father should but hear of the Contract; that his Fury would be such as no less than Death should stand for Payment. She therefore told him, that Delay bred Danger; that many Mishaps did fall out between the Cup and the Lip; and that to avoid Danger, it were best, with as much speed as might be, to pass out of *Sicilia*, lest Fortune might prevent their Intention with some new Despight. *Dorastus*, whom Love pricked forward with Desire, promised to dispatch his Affairs with as great haste, as either Time or Opportunity would give him leave: and so resting upon this Point, after many Embracings and sweet Kisses, they departed.

Dorastus having taken his Leave of his best beloved *Fawnia*, went to the Grove, where he had rich Apparel, and their uncasing himself as secretly as might be, binding up his Shepherd's Attire, till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the Palace, shewing by his merry Countenance, that either the State of his Body was amended, or the Cause of his Mind greatly addressed. *Fawnia*, poor Soul, was no less joyful, that being a Shepherdess, Fortune had favoured her so, as to reward her with the Love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the Daughter of a poor Farmer, to be Wife to a rich King. So that she thought every hour a year, till by their Departure, they might prevent Danger; not ceasing still to go every day to her Sheep; not so much for the Care of the Flock, as for the Desire she had to see her Love and Lord.

Dorastus, who oftentimes, when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his Fancy with the sweet Content of *Fawnia's* Presence: And although he never went to visit her, but in a Shepherd's Attire, yet

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

yet his oft Repair made him not only suspected, but known to divers of their Neighbours, who, for the Good-will they bare to old *Porrus*, told him secretly of the Matter, wishing him to keep his Daughter at home, lest she went so long to the Field, that she brought him home a young Son; for they feared that *Fawnia* being so beautiful, the young Prince would allure her to Folly.

Porrus was stricken in a Dump at this News, so that thanking his Neighbours for their Good-will, he hied him home to his Wife, and calling her aside, wringing his hands, and shedding forth tears, he brake the matter to her in these Terms:

I am afraid, Wife, that my Daughter *Fawnia* hath been too forward, and made herself to sin, and that she will buy Repentance at too dear a Rate. I have News, which if it be true, some will wish it had not been proved true: It is told me by my Neighbours, that *Dorastus*, the King's Son, begins to look at our Daughter *Fawnia*; which if it be so, I will not give her a Half-peny for her Honesty at the Year's end. I tell thee, Wife, now-a-days Beauty is a great Snare to trap young Men; and fair Words and sweet Promises are two great Enemies to a Maid's Honesty: And thou knowest, where the Poor intreat and cannot obtain, there Princes may command, and will obtain. Though Kings Sons dance in Nets, yet they may be seen; and poor Mens Faults are espied at a little Hole. Well, it is a hard case, where Kings Lusts are Laws, and that they should bind poor Men to that which they themselves wilfully break.

Peace Husband (quoth his Wife) take heed what you say: Speak no more than you should, lest you hear what you would not. Great Streams are to be stopped by Slight, not by Force; and Princes to be perswaded by Submission, not by Rigour. Do what you can, but no more than you may; lest by saving *Fawnia's* Maiden-head, you lose your own Head. Take heed, I say; It is ill jesting with edg'd Tools, and bad sporting with Kings. The Wolf had his Skin pulled over his Ears for looking into the Lyon's Den.

Tush, Wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a Fool: if the King should know that *Dorastus* had gotten our Daughter with Child (as I fear it will fall out little better) the King's Fury would be such, as no doubt but we should both lose our Goods and Lives: Necessity therefore hath no Law, and I will prevent this Mischief with a new Device that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease *Dorastus*. I mean to take the Chain and Jewels that I found

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

found with *Fawnia*, and carry them to the King, letting him to understand she is none of my Daughter, but I found her beaten up with the Water alone in a little Boat, wraped in a rich Mantle, wherein was inclosed this Treasure. By which means I hope the King will take *Fawnia* into his Service, and we, whatsoever chance, shall be blameless.

This Device pleased the good Wife very well, so that they determined as soon as they might know the King at leisure, to make him privy to this case.

In the mean time *Dorastus* was not slack in his Affairs, but plyed his Matters with such Diligence, that he provided all things fit for their Journey. Treasure and Jewels he had gotten great store, thinking there was no better Friend than Money in a strange Country. Rich Attire he had provided for *Fawnia*; and because he could not bring the matter to pass without the Help and Advice of some One, he had made an old Servant of his, called *Capnio*, who had served him from his Childhood, privy to his Affairs; who, seeing no Perswasions could prevail, to divert him from his settled Determination, gave his Consent, and dealt so secretly in the Cause, that within short space he had gotten a Ship ready for their passage. The Marriners seeing a fit Gale of Wind for their purpose, wished *Capnio* to make no Delays, lest if they pretermitted this good Weather, they might stay longer ere they had such a fair Wind. *Capnio* fearing that his Negligence should hinder their Journey, in the Night-time conveyed the Trunks full of Treasure into the Ship, and by secrets means, let *Fawnia* understand, that the next Morning they meant to depart. She upon the News slept very little that Night, but got up very early, and went to her Sheep, looking every minute when she should see *Dorastus*; who stayed not long, for fear Delay might breed Danger; but as fast as he could gallop, and without any great Circumstance, took *Fawnia* up behind him, and rode to the Haven where the Ship lay, which was three quarters of a Mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the Marriners were ready with their Cock-boat to set them aboard, where, being couch'd together in a Cabin, they passed away the time in recounting their old Love, till their Man *Capnio* could come.

Porrus, who had heard that Morning the King would go abroad to take the Air, called in hast to his Wife, to bring him his Holy-day Hose, and his best Jacket; that he might go like an honest substantial Man, to tell his Tale. His Wife (a good cleanly Wench) brought him all
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The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

things fit, and spunged him up very handsomely, giving him the Chain and Jewels in a little Box; which *Porrus*, for the more safety, put in his Bosom. Having thus his Trinkets in a readiness, taking his Staff in his hand, he bade his Wife kiss him for good Luck, and so he went towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to shew him a little false Play) prevented his Purpose in this wise: He met by chance in his way *Capnio*, who, trudging as fast he could, with a little Coffer under his Arm, to the Ship, and spying *Porrus*, whom he knew to be *Fawnia's* Father, going towards the Palace; being a wild Fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him the way, and asked him, whither he was going so early in the Morning?

Porrus (who knew by his Face that he was one of the Court) meaning simply, told him, that the King's Son *Dorastus*, dealt hardly with him; for he had but one Daughter, who was little beautiful, and that his Neighbours told him the young Prince had allured her to Folly; he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straightway knew the whole matter) began to sooth him in his talk, and said, that *Dorastus* dealt not like a Prince to spoil any poor Man's Daughter in that sort; he therefore would do the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest Man. But (quoth *Capnio*) you lose your labour in going to the Palace, for the King means this day to take the Air on the Sea, and to go aboard of a Ship that lies in the Haven; I am going before, you see, to provide all things in a readiness; and if you will follow my Counsel, turn back with me to the Haven, where I will set you in such a fit place, as you may speak to the King at your pleasure. *Porrus* giving credit to *Capnio's* smooth Tale, gave him a thousand Thanks for his friendly Advice, and went with him to the Haven, making all the way his complaint of *Dorastus*; yet concealing secretly the Chain, and the Jewels. As soon as they were come to the Sea-side, the Mariners seeing *Capnio*, came to the Land with their Cock-boat, who still dissembling the matter demanded of *Porrus*, if he would see the Ship; who unwilling, and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with *Capnio*, made this Excuse, That he could not brook the Seas, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio seeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, commanded the Mariners, that by Violence they should carry him into the Ship, who like stirdy Knaves hoisted the poor Shepherd on their Necks, and

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

and bearing him to the Boat, launced from the Land. *Porrus* seeing himself so cunningly betrayed, durst not cry out, for he saw it would not prevail; but began to intreat *Capnio*, and the Mariners to be good to him, and to pittie his Estate, he was but a poor Man that lived by his Labour. They laughing to see the Sheperd so afraid, made as much haste as they could to set him aboard. *Porrus* was no sooner in the Ship, but he saw *Dorastus* walking with *Fawnia*, yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired herself in rich Apparel, which so increased her Beauty, that she resembled rather an Angel, than a mortal Creature.

Dorastus and *Fawnia* were half astonished to see the Shepherd, marvelling greatly what Wind had brought him thither, till *Capnio* told them all the whole Discourse, how *Porrus* was going to make his Complaint to the King, if by Policy he had not prevented him; and therefore now sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further Danger, it were best to carry him into *Italy*. *Dorastus* praised greatly his Man's Device, and allowed of his Counsel: but *Fawnia* (who still feared *Porrus* as her Father) began to blush for shame, that by her means he should incur Danger or Displeasure.

The old Shepherd hearing this hard Sentence, that he should on such a sudden be carried from his Wife, his Couuntry, and Kinsfolk, into a Foreign Land amongst Strangers, began with bitter Tears to make is Complaint, and on his Knees to intreat *Dorastus*, that pardoning his unadvised Folly, he would give him leave to go home: swearing, that he would keep all things as secret as he could wish. But these Protestations could not prevail, although *Fawnia* intreated *Dorastus* very earnestly; but the Mariners hoisted their Sails, weighed Anchors, hauled into the Deep, where we leave them to the Succor of the Wind and Seas, and return to *Egistus*;

Who, having appointed this day to Hunt in one of his Forrests, called for his Son *Dorastus*, to go sport himself, because he saw that of late he began to lowre: but is Man made Answer, That he was abroad none knew whether, except he was gone to the Grove, to walk all alone, as his Custom was every day. The King willing to awaken him out of his Dumps, sent one of his Men to go seek him, but in vain; for at last he returned, but find him he could not, so that the King went himself to go see the sport; where passing away the day, returning at night from Hunting, he asked for his Son, but he could not be heard of, which drove the King into a great Choler: whereupon, most of his Noblemen, and other Courtiers posted abroad to seek him, but they could not

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

hear of him throughout all *Sicilia*, only they missed *Capnio* his Man, which again made the King suspect that he was gone far. Two or three Days being passed, and no News heard of *Dorastus*, *Egistus* being fearful that he was devoured of some wild Beasts, commanded that a great Troop of Men should go to seek him, who coasted through all the Country, and searched in every dangerous and secret place, until at last they met with a Fisherman, that was sitting in a little Covert hard by the Sea-side, mending his Nets, when *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* took shipping; who being examined if he either heard or knew where the King's Son was, without any Excuse at all, revealed the whole matter, how he was sailed two Days past, and had in his Company his Man *Capnio*, *Porrus*, and his fair Daughter *Fawnia*.

This heavy News was presently carried to the King, who half dead for Sorrow, commanded *Porrus*'s Wife to be sent for: she being come to the Palace, after due Examination, confessed that her Neighbours had oft told her, that the King's Son was too familiar with *Fawnia* her Daughter; whereupon her Husband fearing the worst, about two Days past (hearing the King would go a Hunting,) rose early in the Morning, and went to make his Complaint, but since she neither heard of him, nor saw him.

Egistus perceiving the Woman's unfeigned Simplicity, let her depart without incurring further Displeasure, conceiving such secret Grief for his Son's restless Folly, that he had so forgotten his Honour and Parentage, by so base a Choice to dishonour his Father, and discredit himself, that with very Care and Thoughts fell into a Quartan Fever; which was so unfit for his aged Years and Complexion, and he became so weak, as the Physicians would grant him no Life.

But his Son *Dorastus* little regarded either Father, Country, or Kingdom, in Respect of his Lady *Fawnia*: Fortune smiling on this young Novice, sent him so lucky a Gale of Wind for the space of a Day and a Night, that the Marriners lay asleep upon the Hatches; but the next Morning about break of Day, the Air began to over-cast, the Winds to rise, the Seas to swell; yea, presently there arose such a fearful Tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed up in every Sea, the Main-mast with the Violence of the Winds, was thrown over-board, the Sails were torn, the Tackling rended asunder, the Storm raging still so furiously, that poor *Fawnia* was almost dead for Fear, but that she was greatly comforted with the Presence of *Dorastus*. The
Tem-

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Tempest continued three Days, all which time the Marriners every Minute looked for Death ; and the Air was so darken'd with Clouds, that the Master could not tell by the Compass in what Coast they were. But upon the fourth Day, about ten of the Clock, the Wind began to cease, the Sea wax calm, and the Sky to be clear, and the Marriners described the Coast of *Bohemia*, shooting of their Ordnance for Joy, that they had escaped such a fearful Tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some Harbour, sweetly kissed *Fawnia*, and bid her be of good Cheer ; when they told him that the Port belonged to the chief City of *Bohemia*, where *Pandosto* kept his Court, *Dorastus* began to be sad ; knowing that his Father hated no Man so much as *Pandosto*, and that the King himself had sought to betray *Egistus* ; with this consider'd, he was half afraid to go on Land, but that *Capnio* counsell'd him to change his Name, and his Country, until such time as they could get some other Bark to transport them into *Italy* : *Dorastus* liking this Advice ; made his Care privy to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their Pains, and charging them to say, That he was a Gentleman of *Trapolonia*, called *Meleagrus*. The Ship-men, willing to shew what Friendship they could to *Dorastus*, promised to be as secret as they could, or he might wish ; and upon this, they landed in a little Village, a Mile distant from the City ; where after they had roved a Day, thinking to make Provision for their Marriage, the Fame of *Fawnia's* Beauty was spread throughout all the City, so that it came to the Ear of *Pandosto*, who being about the Age of fifty, had notwithstanding young and fresh Affections, so that he desired greatly to see *Fawnia* : And to bring this matter the better to pass, hearing they had but one Man, and how they rested at a very homely House, he caused them to be apprehended as Spies, and sent twelve of his Guards to take them, who being come to their Lodging, told them the King's Messuage. *Dorastus* no whit dismayed, accompanied with *Fawnia* and *Capnio*, went to the Court (for they left *Porrus* to keep the Stuff) who being admitted to the King's Presence, *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* with humble Obeysance saluted his Majesty.

Pandosto amazed at the singular Perfection of *Fawnia*, stood half astonished, viewing her Beauty, so that he almost forgot himself what he had to do, at last with stern Countenance he demanded their Names, and of what Country they were, and what caused them to land in *Bohemia* ?

Sir,

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Sir, (quoth *Dorastus*) know that my Name is *Meleagrus*, a Knight, born and brought up in *Trapolonia*; and this Gentlewoman whom I mean to take to my Wife, is an Italian, born in *Padua*, from whence I have now brought her. The Cause I have so small a Train with me, is, for that her Friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into *Trapolonia*, whether I was sailing, and by Distress of Weather, I was driven into these Coasts. Thus you have heard my Name, my Country, and the Cause of my Voyage.

Pandofto starting from his Seat, as one in a Choler, made this rough Reply :

Meleagrus, I fear this smooth Tale hath but small Truth, and that thou coverest a foul Skin with fair Paintings. No doubt, this Lady by her Grace and Beauty, is of a higher Degree, more meet for a mighty Prince, then for a simple Knight; and thou like a perjured Traytor hast bereft her Parents of her, to their present Grief, and her ensuing Sorrow; therefore, until I hear more of her Parentage, and of her Calling and Education, and thou procure a Certificate out of *Trapolonia* of the Truth of what thou hast related concerning thy self, I will stay you both in *Bohemia*.

Dorastus, in whom rested nothing but Kingly Valour, was not able to suffer the Reproaches of *Pandofto*, but that he made him this Answer: It is not meet for a Knight without due Proof, to reproach any Man Of Ill Behaviour; nor upon Suspition to infer Belief: Strangers ought to be entertained with Courtesie, not to be entreated with Cruelty; lest being forced by Want, to put up Injuries, the Gods revenge their Cause with Rigour.

Pandofto hearing *Dorastus* utter these Words, commanded that he should straight be committed to Prison, until such time as they heard farther of his Pleasure; but as for *Fawnia*, he charged that she should be entertained in the Court with such Courtesie as belonged to a Stranger, and her Calling; the rest of the Ship-men were put into a Dungeon.

Having thus so hardly handled the supposed *Trapolonians*; *Pandofto*, contrary to his aged Years, began to be somewhat tickled with the Beauty of *Fawnia*, insomuch that he could take no rest, but cast into his old Head a thousand Devices; at last he fell into these Thoughts:

How art thou disturbed (*Pandofto*) with fresh Affections and unfit Fancies; wishing to possess with an unwilling Mind, and a hot Desire, troubled with a cold Disdain: shall thy Mind yield in Age,
to

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

to that thou hast resisted in Youth? Peace, *Pandosto*, blab not out that which thou mayest be ashamed to reveal thy self. Ah, *Fawnia* is beautiful; and it is not for thine Honour (fond Fool) to name her that is thy Captive, and another Man's Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my Hand, which my Heart would fain refuse: playing like the Bird *Ibis* in *Egypt*, which hated Serpents, yet feedeth on their Eggs. Tush, hot Desire turns oftentimes to cold Disdain: Love is brittle, where Appetite, not Reason, bears the sway: Kings Thoughts ought to climb so high as the Heavens, but to look no lower than Honour: better it is to peck at the Stars with the young Eagle, then to prey on dead Carcasses with the Vulture: True, it is more honourable for *Pandosto* to dye by concealing Love, than to enjoy such unfit Love. Doth *Pandosto* then love? Yea; whom? A Maid unknown; yea, and perhaps immodest; stragled out of her own Country: Beautiful, but not therefore Chast; comely in Body, perhaps crooked in Mind. Cease then *Pandosto*, to look at *Fawnia*, much less to love her: be not overtaken with a Woman's Beauty, whose Eyes are framed by Art to enamour; whose Heart is framed by Nature to enchant; whose false Tears know their due time, and whose sweet Words pierce deeper than Swords.

Here ceast *Pandosto* from his Talk, but not from his Love: for although he sought by Reason and Wisdom to suppress this Frantick Affection, yet he could take no Rest, the Beauty of *Fawnia* had made such a deep Impression on his Heart. But on a Day, walking abroad into the Park (which was hard adjoyning to his House) he sent by one of his Servants for *Fawnia*, unto whom he uttered these Words:

Fawnia, I commend thy Beauty and Wit, and now pity thy Distress and Want; but if thou wilt forsake Sir *Meleagrus* (whose Poverty, though a Knight, is not able to maintain an Estate answerable to thy Beauty) and yield thy Consent to *Pandosto*, I will increase thee both with Dignities and Riches.

No, Sir, answered *Fawnia*; *Meleagrus* is a Knight that hath won me by Love; and none but he shall wear me: This sinister Mischance shall not diminish my Affections, but rather increase my Good-will: Think not, though your Grace hath imprison'd him without Cause, that Fear shall make me yield my Consent; I had rather be *Meleagrus* his Wife, and a Beggar, than live in Plenty, and be *Pandosto's* Concubine.

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The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Pandosto hearing the assured Answer of *Fawnia*, would notwithstanding prosecute his Suit to the uttermost; seeking with fair Words, and great Promises, to scale the Fort of her Chastity: Swearing, that if she would grant to his Desire, *Meleagrus* should not only be set at liberty, but honoured in the Court amongst the Nobles: But these alluring Baits could not entice her Mind from the love of her new betroathed Mate *Meleagrus*; which *Pandosto* seeing, he let her alone for that time, to consider more of the Demand. *Fawnia* being alone by herself, began to fall into these Meditations:

Ah, unfortunate *Fawnia*! thou seest, to desire above Fortune, is to strive above the Gods and Fortune. Whoso gazeth at the Sun weakeneth his sight; they which stare at the Sky, fall oft into deep Pits: hadst thou rested content to have been a Shepherdess, thou needst not to have feared this Chance: better had it been for thee by sitting low, to have had Quiet, then by climbing high, to have fallen in Misery: But, alas, I fear not my own Danger, but *Dorastus*'s Displeasure. Ah, sweet *Dorastus*, thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, by too much Love, procuring thy own Loss: hadst thou not loved *Fawnia*, thou hadst been fortunate; shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken Kingdoms for my sake? No, would my Death might deliver him, so mine Honour might be preserv'd.

With that, fetching a deep sigh, she ceased from her Complaint, and went again to the Palace, enjoying a Liberty without Content, and proffered Pleasure with small Joy. But poor *Dorastus* lay all this while in a close Prison, being pinch'd with hard Restraint, and pain'd with the burthen of cold and heavy Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond Affections had procured him this Mishap, that by the Disobedience to his Parents, he had wrought his own Despite: another while cursing the Gods and Fortune, that they would cofer him with sinister Chance; uttering at last his Passions with these Words:

Ah, unfortunate Wretch! born to Mishap, now thy Folly hath its Desert; art thou not worthy for thy base Mind to have bad Fortune? Could the Destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine Honour and Dignity? Will not the Gods plague him with Despite that paineth his Father with Disobedience? Oh Gods! if any Favour or Justice be left, plague me, but Favour poor *Fawnia*, and shrowd her from the Tyrannies of wretched *Pandosto*; but let my Death free her from Mishap, and then welcome Death.

Dorastus

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

But again to *Pandosto*, who boiling in the heat of unlawful Lust, could take no rest, but still felt his mind disquieted with his new Love, so that his Nobles and Subjects marvel'd greatly at his sudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care.

Pandosto thinking every Hour a Year till he had talk'd once again with *Fawnia*, sent for her secretly into his Chamber, whither *Fawnia*, tho' unwillingly, coming, *Pandosto* entertain'd her very courteously, using these familiar speeches, which *Fawnia* answer'd as shortly in this wise:

Pandosto.] *Fawnia*, art thou become less wilful and more wise, to prefer the love of a King before the liking of a poor Knight? I think, e're this, you think it is better to be favour'd of a King, than of a Subject.

Fawnia.] *Pandosto*, the Body is subject to Victories, but the Mind is not to be subdued with Conquest; Honesty is to be prefer'd before Honours, and a dram of Faith will weigh down a tun of Gold: I have promis'd *Meleagrus* my Love, and will perform no less.

Pandosto.] *Fawnia*, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice, as to refuse the love of a King, nor so ungrateful as to despise a good turn; thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou seest I entreat; my Power is such, that I may compel by Force, and yet I sue by Prayers. Yield, *Fawnia*, thy love to him which burneth in thy love; *Meleagrus* shall be set free, thy Countrymen discharg'd, and thou both lov'd and honour'd.

Fawnia.] I see, *Pandosto*, where Lust ruleth it is a miserable thing to be a Virgin; but know this, that I will always prefer Fame before Life, and rather chuse Death than Dishonour.

Pandosto seeing that in *Fawnia* there was a determinate Courage to love *Meleagrus*, and a Resolution without fear to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, he swore, that if in a short time she would not be won by reason, he would forget all Courtesie, and compel her to grant love by rigour: but these threatening words no whit dismay'd *Fawnia*, but that she still both despites and despises *Pandosto*. While thus these two Lovers strove, the one to win Love, the other to live in Hate, *Egistus* heard certain News by Merchants of *Bohemia*, that his Son *Dorastus* was imprison'd by *Pandosto*, which made him fear greatly that his Son would be but hardly used; yet considering that *Tellaria* and he was clear'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, from the Crime wherewith *Pandosto* had unjustly charg'd them, thought best to send with all speed to *Pandosto*, that he should set free his Son *Dorastus*, and put to death *Fawnia* and her Father *Porrus*.

Finding this, by the Advice of his Counsel, the speediest Remedy to release his Son, he caus'd presently two of his Ships to be rigg'd and through-

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

ly furnish'd with Provision of Men and Victuals, and sent divers of his Nobles Ambassadors into *Bohemia*, who willing to obey the King and receive the young Prince, made no delay for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sail'd towards *Bohemia*, the Wind and Sea favouring them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three days they were landed.

Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrival, but in person he went to meet them, entertaining them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might all well perceive how sorry he was for the former Injuries he had offer'd their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends.

As *Pandosto* made report to them how one *Meleagrus*, a Knight of *Trapolonia*, was lately arriv'd with a Lady call'd *Fawnia* in his Land, coming very suspiciously, accompanied only with one Servant and an old Shepherd, the Ambassadors perceiving by the half what the whole Tale meant, began to conjecture that it was *Dorastus*, who, for fear to be known, had chang'd his Name; but dissembling the matter, they shortly arriv'd at the Court, where after they had been very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the Noblemen of *Sicilia* being gather'd together, they made report of their Embassage, where they certifi'd *Pandosto*, that *Meleagrus* was Son and Heir to the King *Egistus*, and that his Name was *Dorastus*, and how contrary to the King's mind he had privily convey'd away that *Fawnia*, intending to marry her, being Daughter to that poor Shepherd *Porrus*; whereupon the King's request was, That *Capnio*, *Fawnia* and *Porrus* might be murder'd, and that his Son *Dorastus* might be sent home in safety.

Pandosto having attentively and with great marvel heard the Embassage, willing to reconcile himself to *Egistus*, and to shew him how greatly he esteem'd his favour, altho' Love and Fancy forbad him to hurt *Fawnia*, yet in despite of Love he determined to execute *Egistus*'s Will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for *Dorastus* out of Prison, who marvelling at this unlooked-for Courtesie, found at his coming to the Kings presence that which he least dreamt of, his Father's Ambassadors; who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and *Pandosto* embracing *Dorastus*, set him by him very lovingly in a Chair of State; *Dorastus*, ashamed that his folly was bewrayed, sate a long time as one in amaze, till *Pandosto* told him the sum of his Father's Embassage; which he had no sooner heard, but he was touched to the quick, for the cruel Sentence that was pronounced against *Fawnia*, but neither could his Sorrow nor Perswasion prevail, for *Pandosto* commanded that *Fawnia*, *Porrus*, and *Capnio* should be brought into his presence; who were no sooner come, but *Pandosto* having his former Love turned into disdainful Hate, began to rave against *Fawnia* in these Terms:

Thou

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

Thou disdainful Vassal, thou currish Kite, assigned by the Destinies to base Fortune, and yet with an aspiring mind gazing after Honour; how durst thou presume, being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? by thy alluring looks to enchant the Son of a King to leave his own Country to fulfill thy disordinate Lusts? O despiteful mind! a proud Heart in a Beggar is not unlike a great Fire in a small Cottage, which warmeth not the House, but burneth it; assure thy self thou shalt die. And thou old doting Fool, whose folly hath been such, as to suffer thy Daughter to reach above thy Fortune, look for no other meed, but the like punishment. But *Capnio*, thou that hast betray'd the King, and hast consented to the unlawful Lust of thy Lord and Master, I know not how justly I may plague thee; Death is too easie a punishment for thy falshood, and to live (if not in extreame misery) were not to shew thee Equity. I therefore award, That thou shalt have thine Eyes put out, and continually, till thou diest, grind in a Mill, like a brute Beast.

The fear of Death brought a sorrowful silence upon *Fawnia* and *Capnio*, but *Porrus* seeing no hope of life, burst forth into these speeches:

Pandosto, and ye noble Ambassadors of *Sicilia*, seeing without cause I am condemn'd to die, I am yet glad I have opportunity to disburden my Conscience before my death; I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true: Whereas I am accus'd that I have been the supporter of *Fawnia's* Pride, and she disdain'd as a vile Beggar; so it is, that I am neither Father unto her, nor she Daughter unto me; for it so hapned, that I being a poor Shepherd in *Sicilia*, living by keeping other mens flocks, one of my Sheep straying down to the Sea-side, as I went to seek her I saw a little Boat driven upon the Shore, wherein I found a Babe of about six days old, wrapt in a Mantle of scarlet, having about the Neck this Chain; I pitying the Child, and desirous of the Treasure, carried it home to my Wife, who with care nursed it up, and set it to keep Sheep. Here is the Chain and the Jewels, and this *Fawnia* is the Child whom I found in the Boat; what she is, or of what Parentage, I know not, but I am assur'd of it she is none of mine.

Pandosto would hardly suffer him to tell out his Tale, but that he enquired the time of the Year, the manner of the Boat, and other circumstances, which when he found agreeing to his account, he suddenly leaped from his Seat, and kissed *Fawnia*, wetting her tender Cheeks with his tears, and crying, *My Daughter Fawnia! Ah, my sweet Fawnia, I am thy Father, Fawnia*: This sudden Passion of the King drove them all into an Amaze, especially *Fawnia* and *Dorastus*; but when the King had breathed himself a while in this new Joy, he rehearsed before the Ambassadors the whole

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.

matter, and how he had entreated his Wife *Bellaria* for Jealousie, and that this was the Child whom he sent to float on the Seas.

Fawnia was now more joyful that she had found such a Father, and *Dorastus* was glad he should get such a Wife. The Ambassadors rejoiced that their young Prince had made such a choice, that those Kingdoms which thro' Enmity had long time been dislevered, should now thro' perpetual Amity be united and reconciled. The Citizens and Subjects of *Bohemia* (hearing that the King had found his Daughter, which was supposed dead) joyful that there was an Heir apparent to the Kingdom, made Bonfires and Shows throughout all the City; the Courtiers and Knights appointed Jests and Tournes, to signify their willing minds in gratifying the King's hap. Eighteen days being past in these Princely Sports, *Pandosto* willing to recompense old *Porris*, of a Shepherd made him a Knight; which done, providing a sufficient Navy to receive him and his Retinue, accompanied with *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, and the *Sicilian* Ambassadors, he sailed towards *Sicilia*, where he was most Princely entertained by *Egistus*, who hearing this comical Event, rejoiced greatly at his Son's good hap, and without delay (to the perpetual joy of the two young Lovers) celebrated the Marriage; which was no sooner ended, but *Pandosto* calling to mind how he first betrayed his Friend *Egistus*; how his Jealousie was the cause of *Bellaria's* death; that, contrary to the Law of Nature, he had lusted after his own Daughter; moved with these desperate Thoughts, he fell into a melancholy Fit, and to close up the Comedy with a Tragical Stratagem, he slew himself; whose death being many days bewailed of *Fawnia*, *Dorastus*, and his Friend *Egistus*, *Dorastus* taking leave of his Father, went with his Wife and the dead Corps into *Bohemia*, where after it was sumptuously intomb'd, *Dorastus* ended his days in contented Quiet.

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